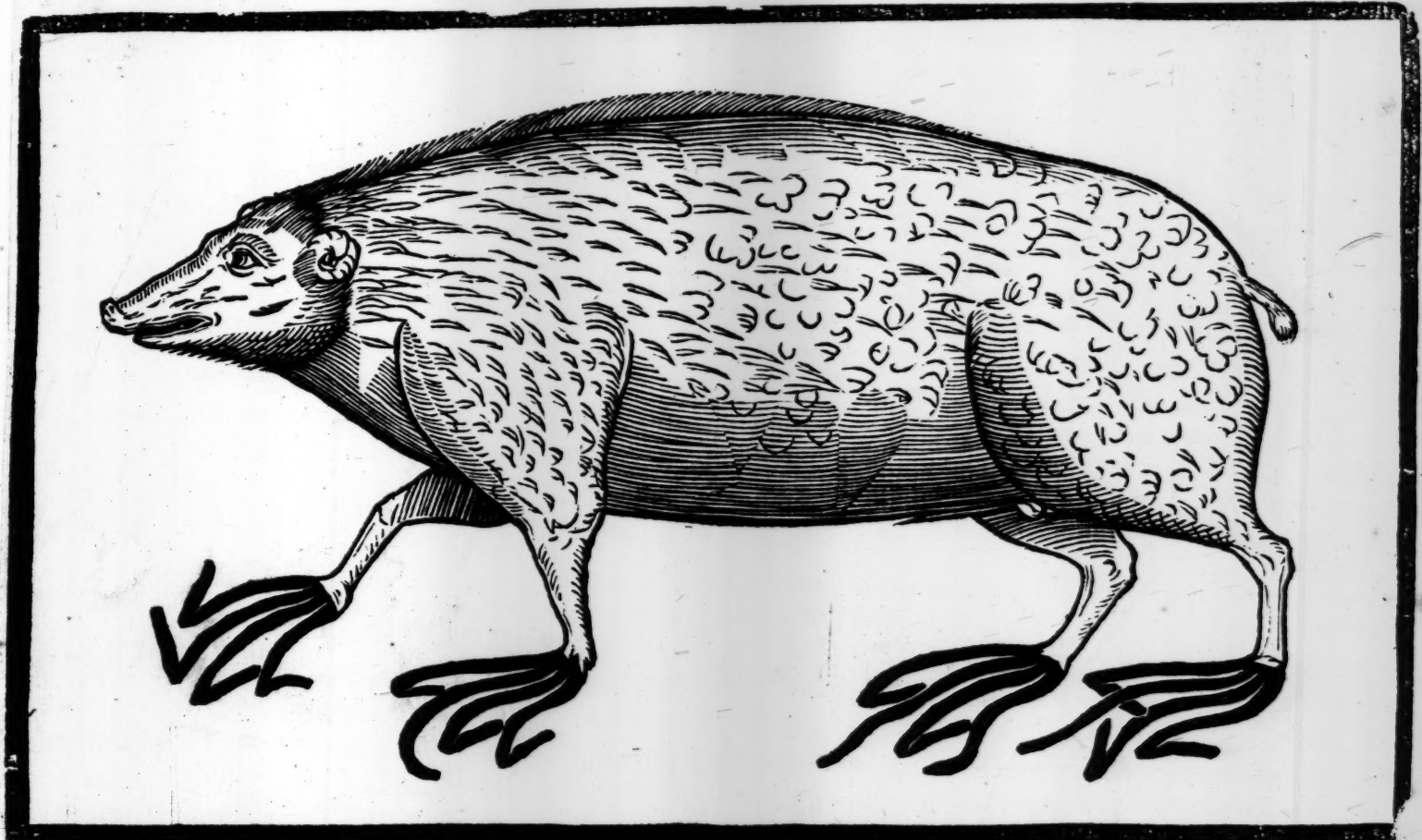


A meruaylous straunge deformed Swyne.



Ere Good Reader shalt thou beholde a straunge and deformed Swyne, farowed and brought forth in Denmarke, and there bought and brought ouer by an Englishman, which hath it at this present, & is to be seen a liue, the proportion wherof is wonderfulous straunge to beholde and bew: the forepart therof from the Snoute beneath the foreshoulders are in al pointes like vnto a Swine, except the Eares only, which resemble the eares of a Lion, the hinder parte (contrarie to kinde) is proportioned in all pointes like vnto a Ram, hauing softe wooll both white and blacke mixed inonge the hard Beare, and so groweth from the Shoulders downe warde, all the body ouer, and it is a Boare Pyg, how beit, there doth nothing appeare outwarde, but onely the Dysell vnder his Belly, but if a man list to feele & gripe it in the Grindes, there ye may feele his Coddges within his belly: and the most straungest thinge of all, is the misshapen and deformed feete, wheron grow certayne Callents and very harde Clawes, doubling vnder his feete, euery Claw so byg as a mans fynger, and blacke of colour, and the length of euery of them are full .x. inches, very straunge and wonderfull to beholde, it feedeth and eateth diuers and fundrie thinges, as well Hare and Grasshe, as Breaude and Apples, with such other thinges as sheepe and Swyne do feede on.

An exhortacion of warnynge to all men, for amendment of lyfe.

Come nare good Christians all,
beholde a Monster rare:
Whose monstrous Shape (no doubt) foxtels
Gods wrath we should beware.
His wondrous works we ought not iudge,
as toys and trifles vaine:
Whither it be Childe or brutish Beast,
for warnings they are playne.
As now, this mingled brutish Beast,
Gods creature is we see:
Although as straunge of Shape and forme
as possible may be.
For if you do way well ech poynt,
his nature and his Shape
I feare resembles some of those,
as on the same do gape.
For why most Swinish are our liues,
and monstrous (that is sure)
Though we resemble simple Shape,
or Lambes that be most pure.
But every Tree it selfe will try,
at last by his owne Fruite:
Though on our Backs we cary Woll,
our conscience is pollute,
Though smilingly with flattering face,
we seme Gods word to loue:
Contrary wise som hate the same,
as well their dedes did proue.
Who ment the ruine of our Realme,
as Traytours to our Quene.

Som white faste Lābs haue sought to do
(nay, monstrous Swine) I wane.
I meane not here at large to shewe
offences as they be:
In whom they raigne, in hie or low,
I name here no degre.
But generally, I say to all,
repent amend your life:
The greedy rich, the needy poore,
yea, yongman, Maide, and Wife.
The Protestant, the Papist eke,
what secte so that ye be,
Gripe your own conscience, learne to do
as God commaundeth ye.
For all are sinners David saith,
Pea, do the best we may,
Unprofitable seruants still we be,
we can it not deny.
Judge ye therfore how far amisse,
all those their liues do frame:
That outwardly pofesse Gods truth,
and inward hate the same.
Judge ye againe that hate your Prince,
and seeke the Realme to spoyle:
What monstrous Swine you proue at
for all your couert cople. (length,
Experience late by Felton false,
and Norstons two I wane:
Their Treason known were wooyed at
as they had Monsters ben.

And surely I can indge no lesse,
but that they Monsters were:
Quite changed from true subiects Shape,
their dedes did so appere.
Then let their dedes example be,
to vs that subiects are:
For treason ends by shamfull death,
therfore by them beware.
I speake not here of monstrous Pride,
in Man, in Mayde, and Wife:
For Whoredom which is daily vnde,
in England ranke and rise.
Of Couetousnesse, what should I say,
or Wtery daily don:
It boteth not to speake therof,
so much thereby is wonne.
But if they well do count their Cardes,
how God they do offend:
I wis their swete ill gotten gaires,
hath sowre and bitter end,
From the which end deliuer vs Lord,
and graunt both hie and low,
To become thy seruants iust and true
and then our end we know.
God grant our gracious souerain Quene
long ouer vs may raigne:
And this life past, with Christ our Lord,
Heauens ioyes she may attaine.

FINIS I. P.

Imprinted at London by VVilliam Hovv, for Richard Iohnes: and are to be solde at his Shop
lynyng to the Southwest doore of Pauls Church.